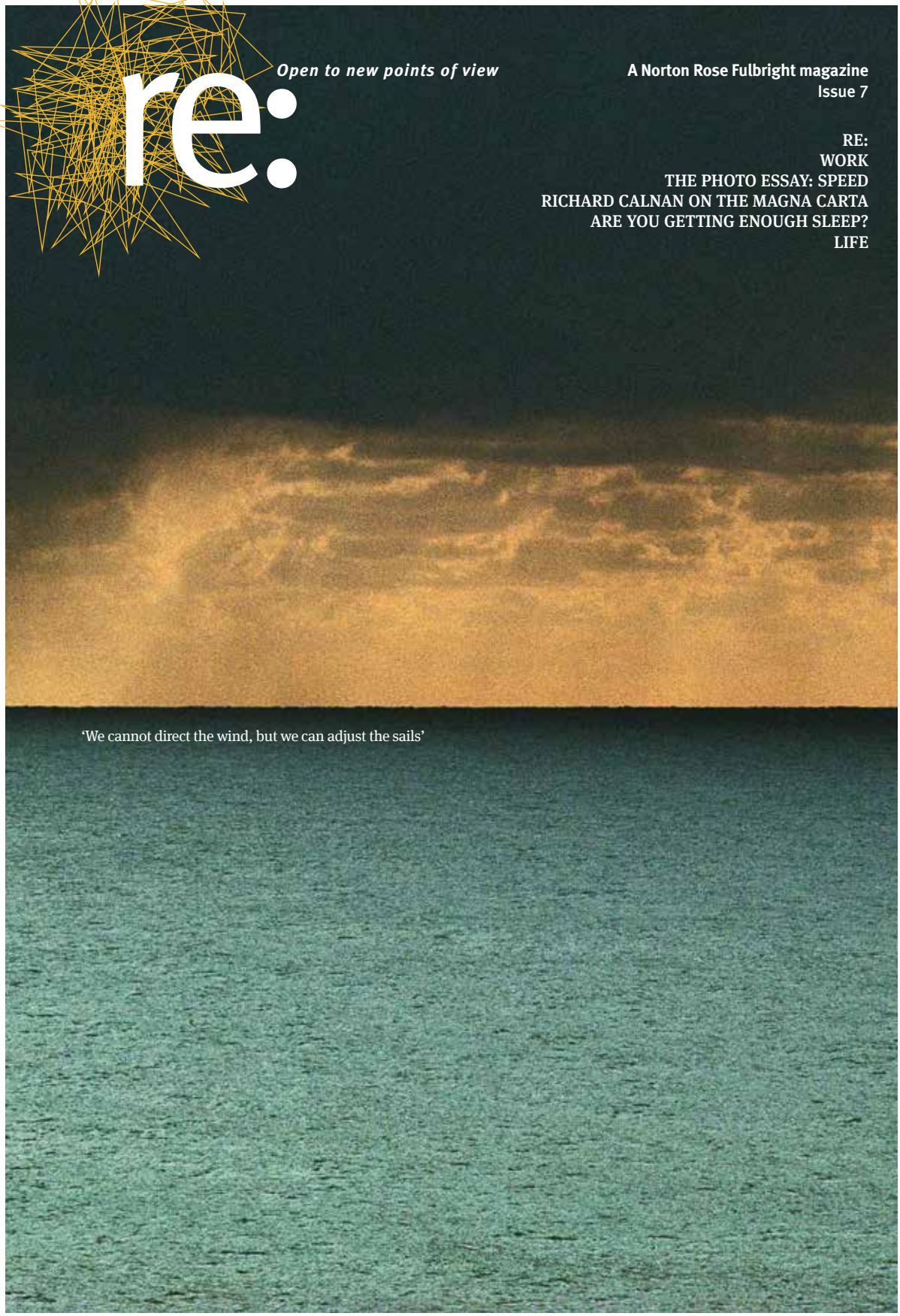
re:

Open to new points of view

A Norton Rose Fulbright magazine
Issue 7



'We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust the sails'

A MO MAKETH THE MAN

NORTON ROSE FULBRIGHT IS PROUD OF ITS MEN.

LAST NOVEMBER WE RAISED OVER US$100,000 FOR MEN'S HEALTH, MAKING US ONE OF THE BIGGEST GLOBAL CONTRIBUTORS OVERALL.

PAUL FROM LONDON HAS PLEDGED HIS SUPPORT AS A REPEAT MO-MAN – WILL YOU?

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This is the seventh issue of *Re:*, a magazine for everyone in Norton Rose Fulbright around the world and for our friends, among them our clients and alumni. In this issue, we welcome home the tall ship *Lord Nelson* after her two-year voyage around the world and Richard Calnan wonders what the Magna Carta ever did for us. In Australia, Caroline Waldron reflects on the life of her mother; in South Africa, Sbu Gule gives thanks for his grandmother; and in the United States, Kimberly Hope Caine and Alaina King Benford join in celebrating the life and poetry of Maya Angelou. And could I direct your attention to the Coda?

As someone once quoted, 'We cannot direct the wind, but we can adjust the sails'. The eighth issue will appear early in 2015. See you then.

The Editor

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

I read with delight Tom Owens' article. As a fellow novice gardener it made me smile. While I have no real desire to grow vegetables (I crave colour too much), I completely relate to the nervous excitement your own plot of land creates. I returned from my travels two years ago to a house by the sea with a big plot. The woman who had lived in the house before was quite the gardener, but as she'd aged her ability to keep up with maintaining the plot diminished. By the time it came to me, it was in a sorry state and I had no idea what to do to restore it. No matter how much weeding and pruning I did, there was always more to do. That, combined with a North Sea wind and the salt air, defeated me. I've now moved to London and have a much more modest plot complete with a handkerchief of grass and borders down the side. This I can manage. Or that's what I tell myself.
Claire Bamber, London
The back garden, issue 6. Ed.

Mandela's favourite curry was at Kapitan's in Kort Street Jhb, now sadly gone. (Around the corner from his and Tambo's law offices.)
Donald Dinnie
So cool and makes me proud!
Nerushka Deosaran
I really love Aneesa's article!
Laurinda Hattingh
Johannesburg
Egoli: city of gold, issue 6. Ed.

Lord Nelson is something that the Singapore office is very proud of. It reminds us of the honour in having Singapore's very own Paralympic sailor Jovin Tan join us in this noble cause.
Cindy Goh, Singapore
The tall ship, issue 6. Ed.

Re: was very well received at the Africa Energy Forum. Our clients were impressed and thankful we have another face other than law!
Rachel Dawes, London

Quite a few people have bought my music recommendations. A fun experience.
Mark Baker, Houston
One fine day, issue 6. Ed.

I loved Tammy Miller's interview. I'm in contact with her via social media but didn't know her story.
Lucilla Loiotile, Rome
Facing the unknown, issue 6. Ed.

Knowledge is power!!! Thanks for helping to get the word out!
Tammy L Miller, Houston
Facing the unknown, issue 6. Ed.

What a fabulous publication. When I read the story by Jackie O'Brien, I was shocked by its brilliance. I cried and cried.
Clare McLoughlin, Cape Town
spill.co.za
The Person, issue 6. Ed.

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Looking ahead
Please direct all comments, ideas and contributions to the Editor. This issue includes a new column, In Relation To, in which Caroline Waldron in Australia talks about her mother. Do you have someone in your family who you would like to bring to our readers' attention?

If you feel strongly about any part of *Re:*, write a Letter to the Editor.

OBITER DICTUM
Latin, deconstructed, in case of need

in forma pauperis

Destitute and therefore not required to pay the costs in a law suit. Most of us after buying our first property.

in gremio legis

In the lap of the law. In open and democratic societies everyone should be under the protection of the law.

in judicando esto pupillis misericors

In judging be merciful to minors. A worthy sentiment on the statue of St Yves in Brittany (from the Vulgate).

in limine

On the threshold. Usually a preliminary point taken in court in the hope of defeating the whole action.

in loco parentis

A person in the place of a parent and therefore having similar obligations to care for the child – as, for example, a playschool.

in pari delicto

Equally corrupt. When two parties to a deal are equally villainous, the court will not come to either party's aid.

in pari materia

Of like material or substance, or materially similar, showing nicely the origin of the word 'material' in both senses.

in promptu

In readiness. The Latin origin of impromptu.

in re

In the matter of. Also 'in re:', meaning in a great magazine.

Patrick Bracher is a senior lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in Johannesburg.

RICHARD CALNAN ON JURISPRUDENCE

All legal systems draw a distinction between property and obligation – between *owning* and being *owed*. This distinction is important, particularly in an insolvency, but it is not always easy to draw.

Simon Cooper was a director of Powerhouse. He was entitled to a car as part of his employment package. He bought a Mercedes cabriolet on credit from a finance company, and Powerhouse paid the instalments. He later resigned, but he wanted to keep the car. So he paid £35,000 to Powerhouse to pay off the balance. But Powerhouse went bankrupt and, as a result, Mr Cooper lost the car. He therefore asked Powerhouse for his money back. Powerhouse said that he was a creditor – like any other – and would have to line up with the other creditors for a dividend.

Was Mr Cooper entitled to his money? The outcome depended on the answer to this question: did Mr Cooper have a proprietary right or just a personal claim? Did he *own* the money, or was it *owed* to him?

Proprietary rights can be enforced against people generally. Assume that a thief steals my car, and that it ends up in the hands of an entirely innocent purchaser who has paid good money for it. My proprietary right to the car is enforceable against both thief and purchaser.

Personal rights can only be enforced against a limited number of people. If you promise me that you will not sell your car without allowing me to buy it first, and then you sell it without doing so, I will have a claim against you for breach of contract, but I will not have a claim against the buyer – even if he or she was aware of your promise.

The distinction is important in an insolvency. Assume that I have agreed to buy a car from a garage. I pay the price but, before the car is delivered, the garage goes bankrupt. If the title to the car has passed to me, I will get the car. I am not just a creditor of the garage: I own the car. But if I had sold a car to the garage on credit and not received payment, I would only have a personal claim against the garage, and I would have to stand in line with its other creditors.

All legal systems recognize the distinction between personal and proprietary rights. Many also acknowledge that full ownership is not the only proprietary interest. The difficulty comes when drawing the line. And different legal systems draw it in different places.

In the common law systems such as England, if you own a house you can hold it against all-comers. But if you have a mortgage, your bank also has a property right in your house and can sell it if you don't pay. You both have property rights in the same asset; and so each is protected in the insolvency of the other.

If you take a lease of a flat, that gives you a property right. But not if you have a licence – that is only a personal right against the owner. And whether you have a lease or a licence does not depend only on the words used. It depends on whether, in substance, you have exclusive possession of the flat for a period of time.

Drawing the line can be difficult. So let us return to Mr Cooper. Was he entitled to his money? The court said yes. In my opinion, that was the wrong decision. But that really doesn't matter. Mr Cooper got his money.

Next time: *Form and substance*

Richard Calnan is a partner with Norton Rose Fulbright in London and Visiting Professor at UCL (University College London). His take on the Magna Carta starts on page 26.

The Q&A

Glenn Faass

AN UNCLAIMED TREASURE

Would you say Russia is part of Europe?
Most of Russia's not in Europe, but most of its population is. Russians think of themselves as European when it suits them to do so and they think of themselves as something else when that suits them to do so. They are definitely not typical Europeans.

When I came to Russia in 1992, it was a very idealistic time. The Soviet Union had fallen and everyone thought that everything was possible, that the Cold War was over and people were going to get along. It was a time of great optimism. During the time that I lived in Russia, all of that evaporated and it became violent and dangerous and cynical. At that point, I somewhat lost interest.

Russia has changed again since then. As one of my friends in Russia said, it's the only country which has an unpredictable past.

I've never met a boring Russian. I find Russians to be very interesting people – they're virtually all memorable characters. And I don't know another country where I could say that. I just find it exhilarating to deal with people who are unpredictable and unrestrained.

And Kazakhstan? How different was it in 1995?
Kazakhstan has become more Kazakh over the period of time that I've been familiar with it. There are fewer Russian speakers now. All the Germans were taken out of Ukraine around the Second World War and many of them were moved to Kazakhstan; that group has also now largely left. Many of them have returned to Germany. That would be an interesting story for someone to write.

I've been to Xinjiang and to Turkmenistan and Uzbekistan plus one more –stan, Rajasthan. Next on my list is Afghanistan. All of the so-called –*stans*, with the exception of Tajikistan, are dominated by Turkic languages. The dominant one is Uzbekistan, which I think has the same population as the rest put together. It also has the longest and most celebrated history; there are cities in Uzbekistan that are two or three thousand years old. Kazakhstan itself has existed as a country for only a short period of time. Kyrgyzstan is another relatively recent construct. Tajikstan is the only one of those that is ethnically distinct – it's dominated by a Persian-related group, the Tajiks. And Turkmenistan is one of the strangest countries in the world, for sure. It's a country where the dictator was so absolute that he changed the names of days and months to the names of his relatives.

When you headed out to Russia you were in your mid thirties.
That's right.

And you were there for a good five years.
That's right.

Did you take family with you?
I'm an unclaimed treasure.

Does that make it easy?
It makes some things easier and some things harder. If you're by yourself, you only have your own failings to bring the structure down. So it's a plus on that point of view. It means you don't have to negotiate with anyone to go somewhere. And the number of things you have to organise is much less. It's a downside in that when you need support you don't necessarily have it, particularly on a personal level. So it's overall an advantage if you're talking about a person who is very self-sufficient. It's overall a disadvantage if you're talking about a person who is more reliant on social and family networks.

Do you write about your experiences?
I don't memorialise things – I don't even keep a diary. I don't feel any obligation to preserve what I've done or who I am for posterity. But I am interested in writing and I think I could write something of interest. That doesn't mean I will do so.

Let's talk about your family.
I was born in Canada – making me the first in my family to be born outside of a small area of south-western Germany near the French and Swiss borders – the Black Forest. My parents were immigrants to Canada after the Second World War. When I was a child we spoke German at home – although only in a loose sense because the Germans consider Swabian to be a mongrel dialect.

I have German citizenship as well as Canadian. I have now lived long enough in Venezuela, Colombia and Brazil to consider applying for those citizenships.

I imagine you have an emotional connection with Latin America by now. Or maybe not?
I am not really homesick for Colombia or Moscow – or for Canada. And I have no particular desire to return to live in any of those places. So I would

have to say that I haven't formed an attachment to Latin America, but I have perhaps formed an attachment to Latin Americans. I like the culture; I like the people; I like the music; I like the food; I like the art; I like the history; I like the sculpture; I like the travel.

Do you have Portuguese?
I'm working to recover it. I could have most of this conversation in Portuguese. It wouldn't be perfect but... I have pretty good capabilites in Spanish, Russian, French, German and English.

Do you think Venezuela's economy is going into free fall?
It's been free-falling for so long you never know when it is going to hit the bottom.

Are Venezuelans different from Colombians?
Colombia and Venezuela are what they call brother countries. They share a long border, a common history, a common language – there's a lot in common.

A lot of Venezuelans are emigrating at the moment, even to Colombia.
Even? A lot of them are emigrating to Colombia, period. There's no qualifier there. There was a time when it went the other way. When I first came to Venezuela in 1997, there was a large immigrant population heading from Colombia to Venezuela. But that doesn't mean they're the same or even particularly similar. Even in recent history, Colombia and Venezuela have had discussions about war.

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44%

OF WORKERS SAY
THEY HAVE OR HAVE HAD
MENTAL HEALTH ISSUES

SO WHY AREN'T WE TALKING ABOUT IT?

MENTAL HEALTH IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS. IT'S TIME WE TAKE CARE OF IT.

THAT'S WHY WE'VE JOINED THE CONVERSATION.

NOTMYSELFTODAY.CA

NOT myself TODAY

Source: Conference Board of Canada, Building Mentally Healthy Workplaces: Perspectives of Canadian Workers and Front-Line Managers, June 2011

Continued from page 09

Presumably they don't have that kind of extraordinary nature that you found among Russians.
I don't find the larger-than-life characters, good and bad, that I found in Russia. I find a more normal distribution of qualities.

Do you feel adrift when you are back in western Canada?
I'm not a person who is very bothered by my physical location. We Canadians are real chameleons. I think that's part of the Canadian nature; we adapt pretty much to wherever we go. Canadians are very low maintenance in that regard.

What about a sense of home?
My home right now is Rio de Janeiro. The question of where am I from is one I never know how to answer. I don't have the plan to go back anywhere.

You don't have some ranch in western Canada or a little place in Germany?
No.

But I am going to buy that little place in Catalonia. I am 58 and some day I will retire. And I like Spain: the language is easy for me; it has, in my old age perhaps, an acceptable level of exotic; it's a developed country with a good medical system; it's a country which I enjoy from an artistic and cultural and geographical point of view; and it's a good moment to buy real estate in Spain.

Did you consider working as anything other than a lawyer?
When I was in high school, I took aptitude tests. They showed that I would be good at a lot of things, except as an auto mechanic, which wasn't something I intended to be anyway. The other careers at that time that I thought about seriously were statistician; translator-interpreter; astronomer; and I thought seriously about being a park ranger in Canada's national parks because I love the outdoors (I'm a big canoeist, kayaker, all of those things); and I considered being a lawyer, which is where I wound up.

> My high school aptitude tests showed that I would be good at a lot of things, except as an auto mechanic

Does anything make you impatient at work?
Almost everything makes me impatient. It's something that I constantly have to struggle to control.

I am very, very impatient about people who walk slowly. Every time I encounter that, I think about my mother, who is 87 and walks slowly and takes up a lot of the sidewalk, and I think to myself, okay, someone, somewhere very likely has to be patient with my mother and so now I have to be patient. But it's an intellectual process, not an emotional one.

What advice would you give to someone setting out on their career in law?
Don't do anything that unnecessarily and prematurely restricts your options. And think carefully about where you want to be in a certain period of time and take the steps that are necessary to be there.

Don't accept anything that is a second best; don't accept a second-class law firm or second-class university if you have the option to go to a first-class law firm or a first-class university. People so often do what is convenient or easy rather than what is thought-out and far-sighted. That's particularly the case with students. Be practical rather than ideological. It's hard to beat determination and hard work.

What has been the best of times for you? And the worst of times?
They're the same. In the late 1990s in Venezuela we were attacked in the same way that all foreign law firms coming into Venezuela had been attacked. We also had several people who had left the firm – not of their own volition – and were bitter about that. Dealing with the combined effects of that vendetta plus the nationalist, chauvinist response to the success of a foreign law firm… that was a very difficult time in my life, and in the life of several other Venezuelan partners. All of us received death threats. All of us were pilloried in the media. One of our partners was physically attacked. So maybe that was the worst of times. But it was also the best of times, because the group that we had at that time cohered and dealt with those threats in a way that was profoundly inspiring to me personally.

Glenn Faass was born in Canada. He now lives in Rio de Janeiro, where he is joint head of Norton Rose Fulbright's Brazil practice. Before that he was a partner at Macleod Dixon: from 1992 to 1997, he headed up their Russian practice; in 1995 he co-founded the Kazakhstan practice (while resident in Moscow); in 1997 he moved to Caracas to found the Venezuelan practice; and in 2010 he moved to Bogotá to co-found the Colombian practice. In 2012, Macleod Dixon combined with what is now Norton Rose Fulbright.

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

The Q&A

Andrew Haynes

A LUSOPHONE

You worked for many years with BP and BG Group. How different does the culture feel when you move into a legal practice?
In-house, you just receive your salary or your long-term share schemes; you're not looking to create additional work opportunities or revenues.

Brazil is European and complicated in ways that no other Latin American country is.

The best in-house lawyers are actually exhibiting more foresight than people in private practice, because they have the freedom to engage with the broader organisation before they ever realise there's a legal need.

In my case, in the oil and gas industry, I worked on projects with geo-physicists, reservoir engineers, petroleum engineers, petroleum economists, government relations specialists, commercial negotiators, finance people, tax people – in devising our business strategy, in negotiating with counterparties, in dealing with governments. So I was in a position to understand the technical fundamentals and influence transactions more deeply than you ever could in private practice. In a sense, I was as much an oil company commercial person as I was a lawyer.

Why did you walk away from it?
My wife and I decided it was time to go and live the life we'd like to live. We had planned to move back to Calgary, to live near the mountains and my family, but then my wife's mother contracted leukaemia and we needed to be near her, so we moved to Brazil.

Your wife is Brazilian. Is that why you have an emotional connection with Latin America?
I will always fundamentally be a Canadian, but I'm happy to live as a Brazilian. My daughter was born in Brazil. She spent her first four years in London but views herself as Brazilian. My son was born in England. He is just one year old now – but I've no doubt he will be Brazilian, and Portuguese will be his first language. Brazil is part of my identity: I would be very comfortable being considered a Brazilian and remaining Brazilian for the rest of my life.

Is Brazil different from other countries in Latin America?
Yes, very. The most obvious way is that Brazil speaks Portuguese and most other countries in Latin America speak Spanish.

The colonies in Latin America that were Spanish were ruled in an authoritarian manner from Spain and they acquired their independence by revolution. Brazil was settled more by occupation and settlement with a soft revolution leading to independence (but keeping a Portuguese monarch). At the time of Napoleon, the Portuguese royal family and the court fled the Iberian Peninsula and moved to Brazil, all 15,000 people. There were university professors and judges and top civil servants – the whole Portuguese elite relocated. And Portugal at that time was a massive global empire.

The King ruled from Brazil from 1808 to about 1818 and after that left his son, who remained the Emperor of Brazil. Brazil acquired independence in 1822 but it remained ruled by the Emperor of Portugal, so there was always a philosophical and emotional connection to Portugal.

Brazil is European and complicated in ways that no other Latin American country is. For good and bad. They have extremely sophisticated design and extraordinary university learning and philosophy and arts but at the same time a lot of bureaucracy and a lot of complex regulation.

So is the institution of law more developed?
Portugal was a very old country that had a deep and sophisticated system of law to rule its empire, based on Roman law, and Brazil imported Portuguese law wholesale. Brazil's legal system has remained constant for about 400 years.

When will Brazil stop being a BRIC country, stop being an emerging market and be something in its own right?
To my mind it is something in its own right today. The whole BRIC concept is interesting. Before, people would have not thought of Brazil at all or they would have thought of it as a poor, unsophisticated place – entirely unjustly, but that's how they would have thought of it. Jim O'Neill at Goldman Sachs came up with this concept of BRICs, which was really just a catchphrase to help people think differently about emerging markets. Having done extensive work in Brazil, Russia, India and China, I can say they're all radically different and have not very much in common – other than they had very good growth prospects when Jim O'Neill created the concept.

How good is your Portuguese?
I'm fluent. I have friends that I speak Portuguese with, I attend business meetings in Portuguese, I negotiate in Portuguese. The only thing I would say is that my writing is a work in progress.

Is Brazil's economy slowing?
The big factors that impact Brazil are commodities prices and a slowdown in manufacturing – but for complicated

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NORTON ROSE FULBRIGHT

A global guide to Whistleblowing laws

Africa
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reasons including electricity supplies that are wanting. Brazil's very reliant on hydro-electricity; it's been the driest year in 71 years and the dams are very low, so they're having to charge very high prices for short-term electricity supplies, which is making a lot of manufacturing uneconomic; so manufacturers are returning power to the grid and shutting down operations.

But it's a more complicated story than the headline of an FT might allow for.

Are Brazil's pre-salt reserves of oil going to transform the economy?
Yes. Over time. But it's not going to fundamentally alter Brazil or make Brazil very rich.

What do you think the global energy sector will look like in 2050?
It's going to be a more complicated mix of energy sources. Oil will become much more expensive, so we're going to be relying on other sources of energy. There'll be a great expansion of the liquefied natural gas industry.

Transport that relies upon liquid fuels will become much more expensive. Ships will be able to convert to burning natural gas but for aircraft we rely upon kerosene, which is a derivative of oil. There may be a resurgence of the age of ships. There will be probably a similar amount of hydro to what we have today and for certain countries that can be important – Norway, Brazil, Canada, India.

Where there will be a great change is solar. There are so many breakthroughs in design and construction that solar really is going to become cost-competitive and will open up huge opportunities for electrical generation in an environmentally sustainable way.

Does that put areas of the world where there is more sun at an advantage?
It's more complicated than that. Having sun is important. Equally important is having an environment that won't be harsh on solar panels. If you have to replace panels every couple of years due to sandstorm damage, it may not be economic to install them in the first place. And there are other factors. Like proximity to a grid and to downstream users; and there are costs to building transport infrastructure... Sun alone isn't enough.

Have you changed your energy behaviour over the years?
I'm embarrassed to say no. If I were to build my next home I would be installing solar and geo-thermal heat pumps, but, as it is, living in an apartment in downtown Rio de Janeiro, I'm not really in a position to do that.

Is there a difference between generations of lawyers?
I recall the days when, working on an important piece of advice that was to be issued by the senior partner, the juniors would prepare a twenty-page research memo which would be distilled by the senior associate into ten pages which would be distilled by a junior partner into five pages and then the senior partner would produce an absolutely brilliant, beautiful, thoughtful and wise one-page letter in which he'd give a clear and simple explanation and a clear and simple recommendation, and would sign it and send it to the client. I think it is hard now for some lawyers to communicate concisely. Being able to cut and paste probably makes it even harder.

Has it been difficult to mix work and family ambitions?
I try to put parenting first, to be a good parent, but I have had to do quite a lot of travel and I'm sure that that has not been the best thing for my daughter. I try to be judicious about travel now.

It's not just travel that's tricky, is it. It's long hours.
Yes, long hours too. Exactly. Not seeing them or not getting home till after they're in bed.

Have you made sacrifices to pursue your career?
I've made sacrifices in terms of time and proximity to family and friends, but beyond that, no. Since I've got married and had kids, I've tried to put them first.

Who do you have in Canada?
My mom and my dad and my stepmom are all in Canada, in Alberta; and my sister and brother-in-law and two nephews.

So you're a global person in a sense?
Yes, I guess so. Identity gets more complicated over time if you travel and it's hard to say you're one thing or another.

Andrew Haynes was born in Australia. He moved to Canada when he was three, and to the UK when he was 28. He now lives in Rio de Janeiro, where he is joint head of Norton Rose Fulbright's Brazil practice. Before that he was assistant general counsel (global corporate) with BP plc; deputy general counsel for BG Group plc (formerly British Gas); and BG Group's chief counsel for South America, based in Brazil. He is a member of the Chartered Institute of Arbitrators.

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

Speed

A PHOTO ESSAY

The essence of speed and motion is what photographing the intoxicating world of Formula One™ is all about. Thinking about colour, composition, focus, and the desired 'feel' of one's imagery is essential in producing that winning shot.

Darren Heath

Adrian Sutuil, China 2014 *(previous page)*

At the Shanghai Circuit one has to use every creative prop on offer, so a tall electronic car/driver position tower displaying bright red lights is a plus. Using a slow shutter speed while panning the camera with the car, as it disappears behind the structure, before squeezing the shutter release as the car re-appears accentuates speed, while using the lights as a colourful foreground adds drama to an otherwise dull scene.

Kevin Magnussen, Bahrain 2014 *(this page)*

For this year's tenth anniversary running of the Bahrain grand prix, the race took place at night. Twinkling like a jewel in the desert, the event was a fantastic success, providing photographers with wonderful opportunities to us the floodlit buildings, rocks and – seen here – pools as creative tools.

Jenson Button, Hungary 2014

Shooting through objects, while using very slow shutter speeds, is an effective way of portraying the speed of a Formula One™ car and one that I employ regularly. Here, Jenson Button races towards the Hungaroing's turn three in his McLaren MP4-29, his pink crash helmet working fantastically with the green blur of the trees.

Tyre and wheel scar, Hungary 2014

When a Formula One™ driver loses control of his speeding car, a crunching impact with a concrete wall can sometimes be the result. The smears, scrapes and shapes left by carbon fibre body work, rubber tyres and wheel rims have the look of an artist's work. As a photographer, interested in all aspects of the sport, I'm constantly on the look-out for details that may otherwise go unnoticed.

Valtteri Bottas, Monaco 2014

Braking hard for the St Devote corner at Monaco this year, Valtteri Bottas's right front wheel momentarily locks, resulting in a puff of blue, scalding hot rubber smoke. Ready to react to any on-track incidents, the blue-flag-holding track marshal looks on while standing where pedestrians would – on any normal day in the Principality – wait to cross the road.

The photographer **Darren Heath** is based in London. He specialises in motor sport work and is an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society. His work takes him to all the major race tracks of the world.
@F1Photographer | darrenheath.com

NORTON ROSE FULBRIGHT

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MAGNA CARTA

WORDS BY RICHARD CALNAN

TO ALL FREE MEN OF OUR KINGDOM

A meadow on the south bank of the River Thames. The fifteenth day of June in the seventeenth year of the reign of John, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and Count of Anjou. King John has just set his seal to a piece of parchment. It is still in draft but the document, when finalised and engrossed, will become one of the most famous documents in history – the Magna Carta.

In 2015, we will be commemorating the 800th anniversary of the sealing of the Magna Carta on 15 June 1215. What is it? Why was it produced? And what does it mean today?

WHAT IS IT?

When faced with a law or a statute, the first instinct of a lawyer is to go to the primary source. What does it actually say?

That is easier said than done with the Magna Carta. It is written in ink on parchment and, in order to compress it within the smallest possible space, it is written in a cramped style with no indentations. Even the clause numbers were inserted subsequently – rather like the act and scene divisions in the plays of Shakespeare.

The other problem – at least for most of us – is that it is written in Latin. So, in order to understand it better, we need to turn to an English translation which tries to capture the sense of the original whilst at the same time making it understandable to the modern reader. Of the four remaining copies of the Magna Carta, two are held by the British Library; and it has provided a very readable English translation, which it has divided into sixty-three clauses.

The first thing you notice, when you start to read the Magna Carta, is how little of it is relevant to us today. This is hardly surprising. It was a living document, speaking to the needs of those who produced it; and much of it is therefore concerned with issues which were very relevant eight hundred years ago, but of little significance now. Many of its

THE RULE OF LAW APPLIES TO ALL, EVEN TO THE KING.

clauses are concerned with the way in which the feudal system was to work. For instance, what was to happen when a landowner died, particularly if his heirs were still under-age – a not uncommon eventuality at the time.

To modern eyes, many of its provisions look very dated. The charter is addressed 'To all free men of our kingdom'. Women are hardly mentioned; and, where they are, it is to limit their rights: 'No-one shall be arrested or imprisoned on the appeal of a woman for the death of any person except her husband.' But then, perhaps we need to read that in the light of the fact that it has taken another eight hundred years for the Church of England to admit women bishops.

As one might expect – this being England – class divisions were seen to be part of the natural order of things. 'Heirs may be given in marriage, but not to someone of lower social standing.' But again, a glance at the composition of the current British cabinet or judiciary shows the extent to which old habits die hard.

Some parts of the charter nevertheless seem very modern to a commercial lawyer. The following clause, for instance, contains the germ of the modern law of subrogation:

> If, for lack of means, the debtor is unable to discharge his debt, his sureties shall be answerable for it. If they so desire, they may have the debtor's lands and rents until they have received satisfaction for the debt that they paid for him, unless the debtor can show that he has settled his obligations to them.

More fundamentally, there are parts of the charter which are as relevant today as they were eight hundred years ago. Perhaps the most important is clause 39:

> No free man shall be seized or imprisoned, or stripped of his rights or possessions, or outlawed or exiled, or deprived of his standing in any other way, nor will we proceed with force against him, or send others to do so, except by the lawful judgement of his equals or by the law of the land.

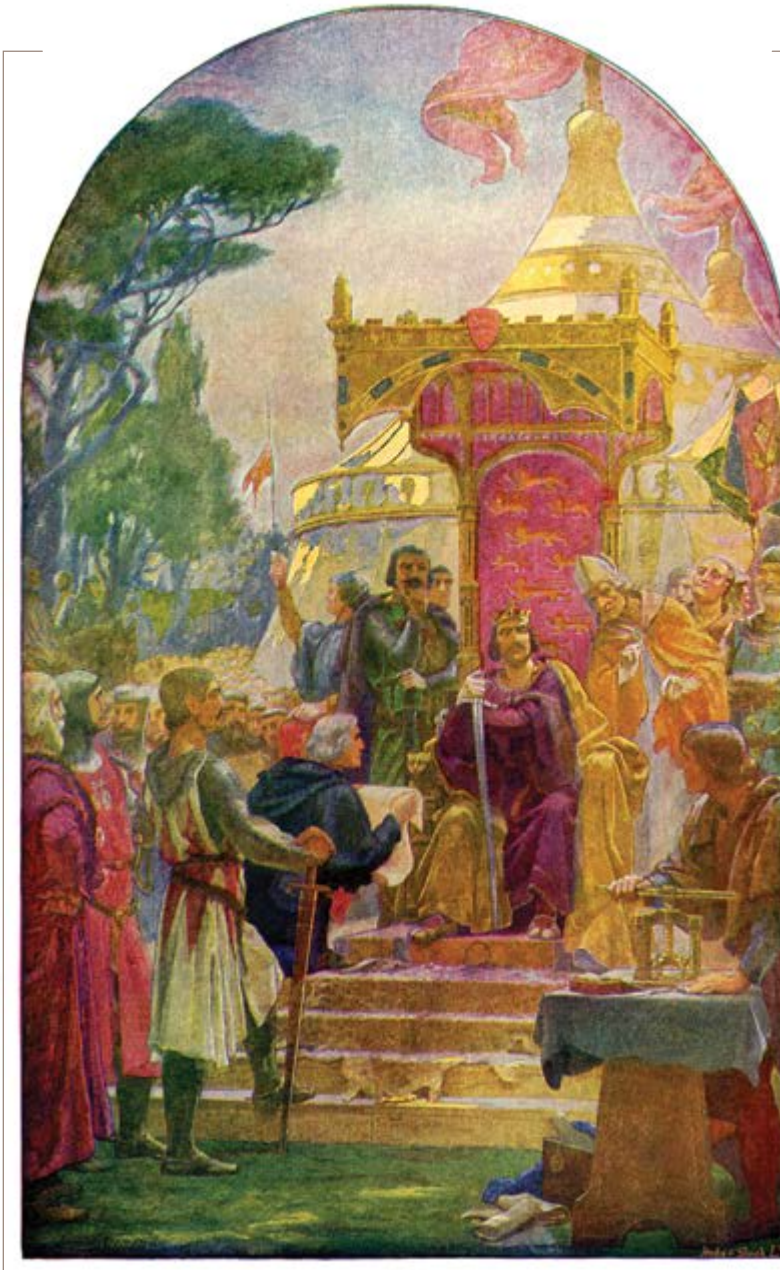
The rule of law applies to all, even to the King.

Other provisions also foreshadow later developments. Scutage (a form of taxation) cannot be levied in the kingdom without general consent. Royal prerogatives are limited – a royal official cannot take corn or other moveable goods from any man without immediate payment unless he agrees. Free movement is enshrined – any man may leave and return to the kingdom unharmed and without fear, by land or water.

WHY WAS IT PRODUCED?

The Magna Carta can only really be understood in context. And the context was war – both external (against the King of France) and internal (against the English barons). To a large extent, it was the cost of the former which led to the latter.

Shakespeare treated King John rather well – portraying him as a patriotic Englishman standing up to a foreign Pope. But, on the whole, King John has had a bad press; and there is little doubt that the barons did have legitimate grievances as a result of the King's often inept attempts to extract more money from them.



King John Signs Magna Carta – Runnymede in 1215

AFTER EIGHT HUNDRED YEARS IT IS HARD TO BE SURE

But then, by all accounts, the barons were little better. They did not turn up at Runnymede to promote the rule of law, but to gain concessions for themselves.

After eight hundred years it is hard to be sure, but those who come best out of the whole affair seem to be the King's advisers. They are mentioned by name in the preamble to the Magna Carta. Two stand out. Stephen Langton, the Archbishop of Canterbury, appears to have had a major role in converting a barons' charter into a people's charter (albeit only some of the people, and some of the time).

Perhaps the greatest of them all was William Marshal, the Earl of Pembroke and the Marshal of England. As a child, he was very nearly executed as a hostage for the treason of his father, but he survived. Starting off as a knight-errant, he became a general and adviser to four Angevin kings – Henry II, Richard I, John and Henry III. Not for nothing were the Angevins known as 'the Devil's Brood', and what is particularly noteworthy about William's involvement with them was his loyalty to the lawful monarch at the time – sometimes in the teeth of opposition from other members of the Brood. When Henry II was king, he supported Henry against the insurrection of his son Richard. When Richard became king, he served him. And when Richard died, he supported the next in line – his brother John.

Henry III was only nine when he became king on the death of his father, John; and William was appointed Regent of England, to rule on his behalf. In spite of spending much of his time fighting more revolting barons, William reissued the Magna Carta in 1216 and again in 1217; and this process of reiteration was repeated at various times throughout the succeeding centuries.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN TODAY?

The importance of the Magna Carta is as much to do with perception as with reality. That is not unusual with historical events, particularly those which took place a long time ago.

Two things have kept the Magna Carta alive. The first is that, amongst all the provisions which were specific to the time, it gives written expression to two basic constitutional principles – the rule of law; and the prohibition on taxation without consent. These were not new ideas, even then, but what is important is that they were written down at a time when so much of the business of government was conducted by word of mouth.

Equally importantly, the written word was repeated – frequently. Almost as soon as the ink was dry, it was restated; and then again the following year, and from time to time over the succeeding centuries, so that it became part of the fabric of government.

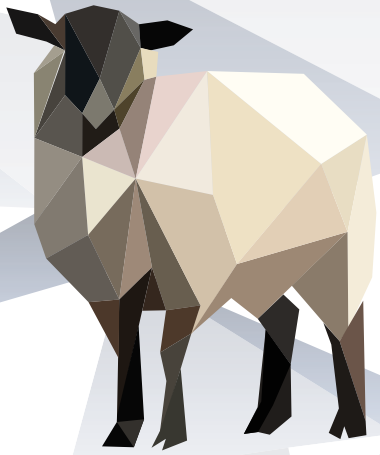
When, in the seventeenth century, Parliament decided to take issue with King Charles I's abuses of power, they started by issuing the Petition of Right in 1628. As well as describing what the King had done wrong, it expressly drew authority from statutes of Edward I which had restated the key principles enshrined in the Magna Carta.

It may have little direct bearing on modern life, but the Magna Carta did set in motion a process which ultimately led to constitutional government.

SLEEP

THE LOWDOWN ON YOUR LIE DOWN

WORDS BY LOUISE COGHLIN



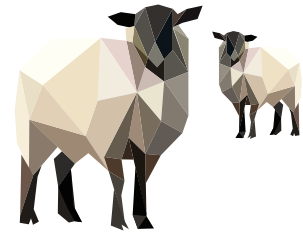
‘Sleep is a criminal waste of time and a heritage from our cave days.’

So said Thomas Edison, inventor of the light bulb, the little contraption that enabled us to defeat the dark (the night sky shines so brightly that two thirds of Americans and half of Europeans cannot see the Milky Way) and march ever onwards through non-stop, switched-on, 24/7 lives.

Along with our perpetual day come fears that many of us are chronically sleep deprived. Undeterred though, we self-medicate with caffeine – a commodity so valuable its annual global market is US$22 billion – and pronounce ‘Sleep is for wimps’, ‘You can sleep when you’re dead’.

Perhaps Edison would approve, but if you live to 90 you may sleep through 32 years – is society right to have such little regard for sleep?

The discovery of rapid eye movement (REM) sleep in 1951 legitimised the study of our adventures in the land of nod. Eugene Aserinsky hooked his eight-year-old son, Armond, to an EEG machine and revealed that the sleeping boy experienced bursts of brain activity when his eyes danced beneath his eyelids.



True or false Teenagers lie in bed all morning because they’re lazy

False. The body clock shifts by two or three hours during adolescence: teenagers are biologically programmed to go to bed late and sleep in. Essentially, they live in another time zone.

Eyes wide open in Dubai

Even when the children have left the heat of Dubai in the summer months I find myself wide awake at 6:30am, wondering why it is so quiet.
Patrick Bourke, Dubai

Our repeating sleep cycle is now well characterised. Every 90 minutes, you cycle from light to deep sleep, when brain activity is at a minimum, and on to REM, when your brain can be just as busy as when you're awake, although muscles are paralysed to stop you from acting out your dreams. (Instances when this has gone tragically wrong present tough challenges in court when considering whether sleepwalking killers are guilty of murder.)

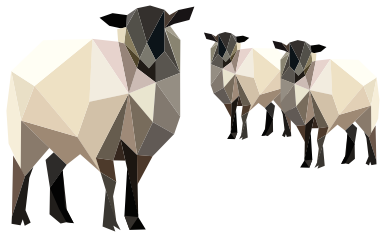
Falling asleep seems like an absurd thing to do, given that living things resort to eating each other to stay alive. Yet sleep probably exists across the animal kingdom. Brown bats indulge in a whopping twenty hours per day, giraffes get by on just two, and one half of a dolphin's brain sleeps while the other remains awake. Why do it?

One suggestion is that sleep allows the repair of damaged tissues. The discovery that some genes, which help replenish transmitters in the brain, are turned on during sleep supports this notion.

Another possibility is that sleeping conserves energy during times of inactivity, although the number of calories we save is meagre, the equivalent of a bread roll. Would such a high behavioural price be paid for such small returns?

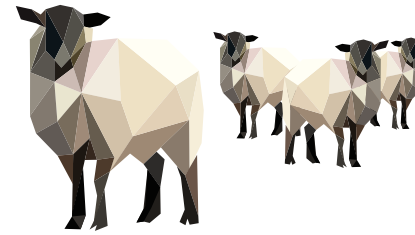
A third idea is that sleep helps consolidate learning and memory, facilitates problem solving and boosts creativity. With twenty billion neurons, communicating via 160 trillion connections, the brain is a complex organ to maintain. Sleep might help strengthen important connections.

Whatever the purpose of our snoozes, the dire consequences of sleep deprivation



Out like a light in Venezuela
I am usually exhausted so I fall asleep quite easily 95 per cent of the time.
Elisabeth Eljuri, Caracas

True or false You can learn to function well on less sleep
False. We have a biological need for sleep and can't cut corners. Bill Clinton, renowned for getting just five or six hours each night during his US presidency, said, 'In my long political career, most of the mistakes I made, I made when I was tired, because I tried too hard and worked too hard.'



Blissful in Greece
I have great memories of sleeping well when travelling in the countryside. Physical exercise and fresh air always help.
Niki Alexandrou, Athens

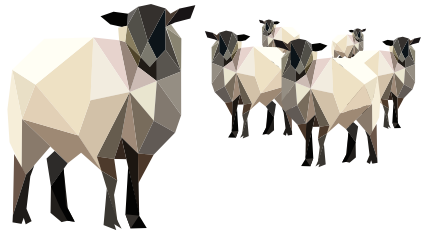
True or false Older people need less sleep
False. Although sleep patterns often change as we age, our need for sleep does not. Older people take longer to fall asleep, sleep less deeply, wake more frequently and nap more.

Eyes half shut in the United States
I am not a morning person. My trick is to have a pot of coffee set to automatic brew so it is ready when I come down in the morning.
Sarah Devine, Washington DC

are clear. They include stroke, heart disease, diabetes, some cancers and obesity. Sleep and mental health are also closely linked.

There are immediate dangers too. Everyday accidents like car crashes and major catastrophes such as the Exxon Valdez oil spill and the Chernobyl meltdown have been linked to poor sleep.

That's surely enough to send anyone running for the covers, but if sleep still eludes you, you're far from alone. Up to forty per cent of adults experience insomnia at some point in their lives; as many as fifteen per cent suffer chronically.



Sunshine in Canada
Taking the occasional nap? Pure happiness.
Olga Farman, Québec

True or false Naps make you feel worse, not better
False. Indulge in a 20-minute snooze at roughly the same time each day and you'll feel a lot more perky.

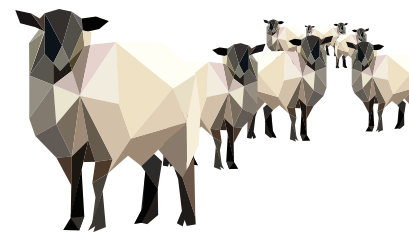
Sleepless in Bahrain
I love napping. I find that a couch nap rather than a bed nap makes you feel less sleepy when you wake up (although the downside of couch-napping is the little people who crawl all over you, despite stern warnings from their father!)
Joanne Emerson Taqi, Bahrain

True or false You can catch up on your sleep at weekends
True for youngsters. False for everyone else. You won't be able to restore the attention levels in just the space of a night or two.

Well-established recommendations for good 'sleep hygiene' include seeking out natural light in the morning, taking regular exercise, avoiding caffeine from the late afternoon and bright lights (including the screens of electronic devices) for two hours before bedtime, going to bed and getting up at the same time each day, and ensuring bedrooms are dark, cool and quiet.

If you wake up during the small hours and you're still struggling to get back to sleep twenty minutes later, it's best to get up, go to another room and do something that isn't too stimulating – perhaps a jigsaw or art project – in dim light, going back to bed when you feel sleepy.

It might help to remember that people often underestimate how much time they spend sleeping, so you could be more



Denial in South Africa
Sleep is like saving for retirement. I know that more would be better, but I either don't or can't. I'll catch up tomorrow (which is of course a farce).
Brent Botha, Johannesburg

True or false The better we breathe, the better we sleep
True, if peculiarly obvious. Go in search of breathing exercises or take up yoga.

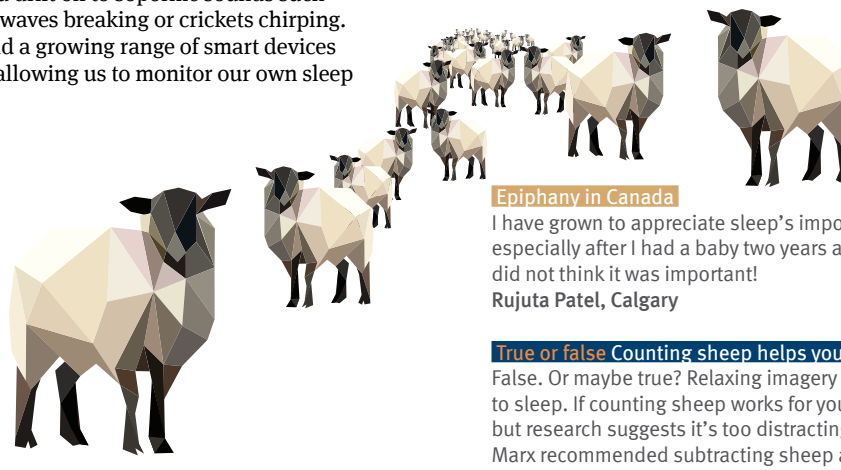
Drifting away in LA
The last time I had a wonderful night's sleep I was on vacation, there was no dog to feed and there were heavy black-out drapes.
Peter H Mason, Los Angeles

rested than you think. What's more, night-time awakenings might be perfectly natural: in the pre-industrial era, people had what they called 'first' and 'second' sleeps each night. The hour or so in-between was probably the most relaxing time of the day, when people prayed, read, chatted, contemplated life and had sex.

But this is the modern world. New gadgets and apps that claim to improve sleep abound.

Amber-coloured glasses offer a low-tech defence against the blue light emitted by devices like laptops and tablets. (Blue light prevents the release of the sleep-inducing hormone melatonin.) White noise machines and apps promise to drown out background noise and let you drift off to soporific sounds such as waves breaking or crickets chirping. And a growing range of smart devices is allowing us to monitor our own sleep like never before. Manufacturers claim they can tell you how much time you're spending in light, deep and REM sleep, and whether noises in your bedroom, or even your own snoring, are disturbing you. They also encourage better sleep hygiene – via a bit of friendly, electronic nagging – and promise to stop you from feeling groggy in the morning by waking you up at the lightest point in the sleep cycle.

Would Edison be tempted to try these very modern inventions? Despite his apparent disdain for sleep, beds were scattered through his labs and libraries, and photos show he regularly napped during the day. Perhaps even Edison acknowledged the power of sleep. Zzzzzzz.



Bach to the rescue in London
I need to sleep to be able to perform. Recently I have 'fallen in love' with Bach Rescue Night spray – it's herbal/flower.
Simon Currie, London

True or false The hormone melatonin makes you sleepy. We produce more melatonin in winter months
True. The solution is to go in search of natural daylight (not pills).

Epiphany in Canada
I have grown to appreciate sleep's importance, especially after I had a baby two years ago who did not think it was important!
Rujuta Patel, Calgary

True or false Counting sheep helps you nod off
False. Or maybe true? Relaxing imagery may lull you to sleep. If counting sheep works for you, that's great, but research suggests it's too distracting. Groucho Marx recommended subtracting sheep as a tactic for staying awake.

Sweet-natured in Germany
I have found the more grateful I am, the better I sleep – say 'thank you' before going to bed. Other than that, not eating three or four hours before going to bed; switching over from tea and coffee to water in the early afternoon; not reading an iPad or iPhone in bed; having the window open in the bedroom; taking a cold shower in the evening; and getting the right diet (no alcohol) means perfect sleep.
Anthony Morton, Frankfurt

Help seafarers in need worldwide

Mission 'Row Around Singapore Island' (RASI) will see a team of 40 rowers attempt a 140km non-stop voyage, circumnavigating Singapore in 24 hours on 22 April 2015 for global maritime welfare charity The Mission to Seafarers.

Please show your support.

JustGiving™ www.justgiving.com/teams/RASI

www.missionrasi.org missionrasi @MissionRASI

Life

play board games with my two boys / do not forget! Alaina King Benford Houston. go on holiday to Japan with the family – top priority Ceci Leung Hong Kong. find part-time caregiver for mother / install panic button in her residence Glenn Faass Rio de Janeiro. go to Italy to listen to baroque music in mediæval churches and renaissance palaces NB teaching commitment, Sydney University / plan tour of North Island, NZ Richard Calnan London. help Dad celebrate his first Christmas without Mum Damien Butler Brisbane. save money to buy a flat – start brewing my own cider! Robbie Pattemore London. urgent visit Joburg Water to register water account – my wife asked me to do this six months ago, oh dear Brent Botha Johannesburg. retrieve electric guitar from parents' house and start annoying London neighbours Matthew Wright London. sort gardener's quote / complete rooftop garden trellis by end October (clematis? jasmine?) Niki Alexandrou Athens. finish writing chapters four, five and six of my novel Dominic Zammit London. make editors happy, submit articles on time Miles Pittman Calgary. teach seven-month-old daughter to swim James Rogers Hong Kong.

To do

The tall ship

STS *Lord Nelson*

The Jubilee Sailing Trust's fully accessible tall ship *Lord Nelson* nears the end of her two-year sea voyage as she passes through London in September 2014 en route to the port of Southampton. This three-masted square-rigged barque has travelled 51,000 nautical miles, crossed the equator six times and called into 100 ports across 30 countries. She has carried the Olympic Torch to Rio de Janeiro; crossed the Indian Ocean to Kochi; taken part in the International Fleet Review in Sydney; and made history as the first mixed-ability vessel to sail around Cape Horn.

This was the Norton Rose Fulbright Sail the World Challenge, promoting the integration of people of all physical abilities the world over. All abilities: all aboard.

jst.org.uk

Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**


POLICE

The kitchen table

COLD DISHES FROM ASIA

When the moon is full and the takeaways are closed and your friends are on their way to your home, here is some food to put on the table to accompany the wine, the tea and the poetry.

Chinese cucumber salad
Chirashi-zushi
Fruit
Moon cakes
Nonya achar
Steamed (lake) crab

Chinese cucumber salad
Cut 2 (peeled) cucumbers into bite size lengthwise. Use cleaver to crush slightly. Add 3 cloves crushed, minced garlic. Refrigerate 2 hrs. Take a small bowl. Mix 1 tbsp white (Chinese) vinegar, 1 tbsp light soy sauce, 1 tsp sugar, salt , ½ tbsp red chilli flakes and ½ tsp sesame oil. Refrigerate 2 hrs. Mix together just before serving.

Chirashi-zushi
Offer a simple *Chirashi-zushi* – scattered sushi.

Prepare Japanese rice (*sushi-meshi*). Wash 2 ¼ cups rice in cold water until water almost clear. Drain. Soak in 2 ⅓ cup of water (in rice cooker) for 30 mins. Cook rice. Make sushi vinegar: mix ¼ cup rice vinegar, 2 tbsp sugar, 1 tsp salt; heat until sugar dissolves; remove from heat to cool down. Put rice into bowl, stir in sushi vinegar quickly (cool rice with fan to be quick – otherwise vinegar evaporates before seasoning rice).

Cook eggs (*iri-tamago*). Beat 2 eggs, 1 tsp soy sauce, ½ tsp sugar, ½ tsp *mirin* (if available), pinch salt. Use 3 or 4 chopsticks together, and stir vigorously for 2 mins.

Dice ham or smoked salmon. Dice some cheese. Dice some cucumber, add a pinch of salt, use paper towel to drain off water after 10 mins. (Or substitute with green beans (boiled, cut into strips).

To serve: Either mix all ingredients and serve in a small glass/china bowl or assemble in layers in a small glass cup: cheese/*sushi-meshi*/ham; or salmon/*sushi-meshi*/cucumber. Sprinkle *iri-tamago* on top. Decorate with cucumber and salmon.

Fruit
Use round fruit – apples, lychees, longan, pomegranates, peaches – make sure you don't cut them up. NB no pears (in Mandarin the word 'pear' sounds like 'leaving').

Nonya achar
Prepare vegs. Mix 400g cucumber (cubed or sliced), 50g carrots (cubed or sliced), 200g Chinese cabbage (shredded), 5 slices pineapple (chopped) with 1 tbs salt. Leave in colander for 20 mins.

Make spice paste. Use a food processor to blend 5 shallots, 6 fresh red chillies, 1 tsp turmeric powder, 2 candlenuts or walnuts, 40ml water.

Stir-fry spice paste in 3 tbsp olive oil (medium heat) until you have strong aroma. Add 50 ml rice vinegar and water and bring to boil. Add salt and sugar to taste (1 tbsp each?). Remove from heat. Add vegs, ½ soup-bowl roasted ground peanuts and 2 tbsp roasted white sesame seeds. Stir well. Cool for 15 mins.

Store *achar* in air-tight jar in fridge. Tastes best if left overnight. Eat within 3 weeks.

Steamed (lake) crab
Brush crabs carefully. Place belly upward (to prevent legs falling off), allow 8-10 minutes (don't steam them for too long). Accompany with sauce (one part bruised ginger to two parts Chinese vinegar) in small side plate. Take out crab meat, dip in sauce, start to eat (best eaten hot).

Ideas and recipes courtesy of **Pearline Cher** (Singapore), **Reiko Ikuta** (Tokyo), **Ceci Leung** (Hong Kong), **Olive Ren** (Beijing), **Wang Yi** (Beijing) of Norton Rose Fulbright.

CIDER WITH ROBBIE

I was seven when I had my first taste of cider. Every visitor to my great grandparents' farm in the west country was offered a small glass of traditional scrumpy. I was still young, so they added a dash of orange squash to mine. Ever since that day I have had a taste for cider.

The farm lay on the border of Dorset and Somerset, between the villages of Misterton and Mosterton, in England. It had been a working farm since before the war. My great grandfather used to make his own cider to 'refresh' his farm workers (part payment) at morning breaks and lunchtimes, when they would stop for a pickled onion, a chunk of strong Cheddar cheese and a well-earned pint. After lunch, it was back to work – operating heavy farm machinery.

The fermenting process takes place in huge wooden barrels. My granddad used to drop a skinned rabbit into each one to prevent the cider from eating through the barrels. So there are hops in cider, too.

Cider is much more popular these days (gone is the blight of the 1980s and 1990s when people just weren't drinking cider) and the methods used in cider-making are much less rustic, especially if you look at the big producers. I prefer the traditional ciders – of course I do – but the huge marketing campaigns over recent years by the more mainstream brewers (Magners, Bulmers, Strongbow) have kickstarted a trend which has trickled down to be of benefit to the smaller cider-makers. So I have a love/hate relationship with the more popular brands.

It's the smaller cider-makers, such as Sheppeys, Westons and Thatchers, that help to keep the tradition alive by growing and picking apples from local orchards. Local people get local jobs, biodiversity gets a boost and the orchards thrive again.

Every October, an old, old ritual called Wassailing is carried out in some of the smaller apple orchards. This involves soaking bread in cider, hanging the loaves from the branches and dousing the trunks of the trees with cider. Bring on the harvest! It can't fail to be a good one.

I love the crisp taste of cider, I love its flavour, its numerous varieties and its representation of English tradition and of course Somerset life, where I grew up. My favourite cider is *Burrow Hill*. They make it in a small village called Huish Episcopi (deep in the Somerset Levels) and supply quantities of it to Glastonbury (the festival). Patrons can purchase a pint from the big blue cider bus. Julian Templerly, the owner, also makes a superb cider brandy which is now sold in Harrods, Fortnum and Masons, and other fine establishments.

My local pub, the Duke of Hamilton in Hampstead (in London), does a very good Cotswold cider. My girlfriend and I are known as the 'two Cs' – two ciders, please!

I have travelled the world and on my travels it has always been my mission to seek out different ciders. I have sampled Cortesia Silver Cider in Argentina, Mercury cider in Australia and Bretagne cider in France. Wherever you are as you sample your tipple, I raise my glass to you and join with the Worzels (that famous Somerset band) in saying, 'Drink up yee cider!'

Robbie Pattemore is from Somerset in the UK. He is *Re:*'s art director and is based in London with Norton Rose Fulbright.

EATING OUT IN SHANGHAI

Lost Heaven 花马天堂
Don't be misled by its South East Asian-style interior and Buddhist sculptures: you are not in Thailand. Look beyond the colourfully dressed waitresses and cheerful expat diners, and you will discover a delightful menu offering traditional dishes originating from the ethnic tribes in Yunnan province, in south-west China. The cooking and ingredients are influenced by Thai, Burmese and Lao cuisine, with popular dishes such as wild vegetable pancakes, Da Li-style chicken, Yunnan scrambled eggs with white mushrooms, and Miao sweet and sour prawn. There are two Lost Heaven restaurants in Shanghai. Go to the original restaurant at 38 Gao You Road, an easily overlooked side street in the former French Concession district. It's always busy and very cosy.
Price per person from RMB150 to 300.
French Concession, 38 Gaoyou Lu
Metro: Shanghai Tushuguan (Library)
T 021 6433 5126 | lostheaven.com.cn

Old Jesse 老吉士
To understand what being Shanghainese really means, you must first visit this unpretentious and old-fashioned local restaurant offering authentic Shanghainese cooking before being dazzled by its modern version, 'the New Jesse restaurant', now to be found in all corners of Shanghai. Signature dishes from Old Jesse include roast pork (*hongshao rou*), fried river shrimp, crabmeat bean curd, salty chicken, sweet bean curd with black crispy mushrooms, fried fermented bean curd and many other 'sweet-taste' appetisers. As it is very popular with locals and tourists, seating is a bit cramped and reservations are absolutely necessary.
Price per person from RMB100 to 200.
41 Tianping Lu (near Huaihai Xi Lu)
Metro line 1: Xujiahui
T 6282 926041 | xinjishi.com

Restaurant critic **Fei Kwok** is a banking partner at Norton Rose Fulbright's Shanghai office. She was born in Beijing and has worked in Hong Kong, Singapore and London.

The guide to Calgary

There is no getting away from the fact that Calgary is a long way from anywhere. Not quite Perth-ite isolation, but visitors can have difficulty understanding the scale. The nearest city of over one million people is Vancouver, and that's 800 kilometres away. The frontier mentality pervades the citizenry; like other oil and gas towns, Calgary is very receptive to immigrants (witness the volunteer greeters in white hats at the airport) and this has led to a vibrant restaurant scene. The city also has the good fortune to be an hour's drive from the Rockies, and so Calgarians live and play outside, notwithstanding the cool summer nights and the occasional comically cold winters.

Calgary: the inside track

What follows is an opinionated list of what do to in Calgary. It tilts toward the offbeat; my intent is to show experiences which only the locals know about.

A TRULY WESTERN EXPERIENCE

It's difficult to underestimate the importance of the cowboy legend to understanding how Calgary ticks. Folks might be buttoned up in gray worsted the whole year, but come Stampede time, in the second week in July, their inner Wild Bill or Calamity Jane lets loose. The Stampede is the world's richest and largest rodeo – last year more than 1.1 million visitors passed through its gates.

Most visitors don't arrive during the Stampede, though, and so for a taste of cowboy country in February and some good old country music, the best place is Ranchmens. It's like a country bar from the movies: dark except for the neon beer signs, and full of actual and pseudo cowboys and cowgirls doing the two-step. Confusingly, the oldest private dining club in town is called the Ranchmen's Club – they are polar opposites.

Other roots music venues a short cab ride from downtown are Ironwood and the Blues Can in Inglewood, and Mikey's Juke Joint in Sunalta. These places have live music most nights, and as Calgary has long been a stop on the country and blues circuit, there's a reasonable chance of seeing someone notable up close while you sip a cold beer.

THE WORLD ON YOUR PLATE

As a city of immigrants, Calgary boasts a surfeit of small family-owned restaurants, all within a shout of downtown. Many of our best places aren't fine dining – instead, they're authentic, where the flavours are broadly stroked.

Tacos – head over to El Charrito, where in addition to carne asada and chicken tacos you can get chorizo and tongue(!), and tamales that taste like you're in Mazatlan.

Panini – Peppino is an outlet of a long-established Kensington Road Italian deli. Want prosciutto and bocconcini with fresh basil on an Italian roll for lunch? Look no further.

Pho and Bun – my favourite among many Vietnamese noodle houses is Sunny Vietnamese, in Chinatown. A steamy bowl of beef noodle soup and a spring roll comforts even on the coldest winter day.

Sausage – if you can imagine a football or rugby player's ideal place to eat, you've imagined Spolumbo's, where there are enormous sandwiches served by enormous men. It's only open for lunch, and is lined up every day for homemade Italian sausages and Mamma's meatloaf.

Buck-a-shuck – Tuesday seems to be the day where oysters are a dollar each. Two of my favourite places are Midtown, in Kensington; and National, on 17th Ave. SW Midtown has an impressive line-up of wine by the glass, where National has 100 beers on tap.

Macaroons – the international craze for macaroons has reached us on the prairie. My favourites come from Yann Patisserie, in the Mission district, where the flavours include tequila lime, rhubarb, and Saskatoon berry.

Personal best – My two favourite restaurants are Shikiji, a Japanese noodle and sushi place, where the food sings; and Cleaver, a brand new gastro-bar, with visionary cocktails, duck-fat fries, and an enormous rib-eye perfectly cooked.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

If you have the great good fortune to have a free day between May and October in Calgary, and the weather cooperates, my advice is to rent a car and go to the mountains. The views at Lake Louise and Moraine Lake, about 2 ½ hours' drive from Calgary, are heart-stoppingly beautiful – and there are at least five classic Rockies hikes which set off from there, through alpine forests and across mountain passes to remote teahouses.

In the village of Lake Louise nearby is probably the best hotel in Alberta – the Post Hotel, a Relais et Chateaux lodge owned by two Swiss brothers. There is nothing quite like finishing a day's hike with some beef stroganoff before driving home.

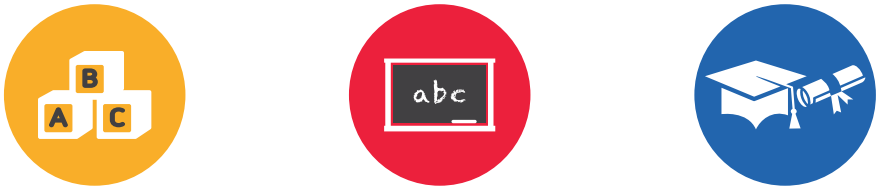
Miles Pittman is *Re:*'s food and wine correspondent and a native of Calgary, where he is an energy partner with Norton Rose Fulbright.

Saddlebronc Riding, Calgary Stampede, Alberta

Afrika Tikkun

Developing Children and Youth
of South Africa from Cradle to Career

Thando
24 years old
Lawyer



0-6 years | 7-18 years | 19-35 years

EARLY CHILDHOOD DEVELOPMENT → YOUTH DEVELOPMENT → SKILLS & ENTERPRISE DEVELOPMENT → EMPLOYMENT

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Style

A STYLE GUIDE TO PREGNANCY

You're pregnant, you're working and you're looking good. Life rarely feels so special and so particular.

Photography by Ivan Maslarov. Art direction by Robbie Pattemore. Model is American Jennifer Bush (with Isabelle in waiting). Shot on location in Norton Rose Fulbright's London office. Research by Carole Guettier **France,** Cora Hufkie **South Africa,** Heather Irvine **South Africa,** Michelle Jacobson **Canada,** Lydia Kungsen **Hong Kong,** Jane Park-Weir **UK,** Holly Quinnen **UK,** Florence Riviere **Australia,** Lindsay Royston **United States,** Marina Sherer **Hong Kong.**

STYLE POINTERS

From Australia, Canada, France, Hong Kong, South Africa, the UK and the United States

A Pea in the Pod
ASOS Maternity
Banana Republic
Cherry Melon
Cravings
DvF
Ella Bella
Envie de fraises
Gap Maternity
Giodarno Ladies
H&M
Isabella Oliver
JoJo Maman Bebe
Linea Negra
Macy's
Madderson London
Mamas and Papas
Mayara
Metalicus
Michael Kors
Natalys
Next
Nordstrom
Oepsie Daisies
Posh Mommy
Ripe
Seraphine
Socrati (shoes)
The Space
Topshop
Witchery


In relation to

Caroline Waldron on her mother, Angela d'Silva

My mother was born in Veli, a small fishing village at the southern tip of India. She was the eldest of ten children: four boys, six girls.

She was born in 1931, so she's 83 now.

As a little child, she walked to school with no shoes on her feet for, I think, a mile and a half each way. She got her first pair of shoes when she made her first Holy Communion at age seven, maybe eight.

She was privileged in the sense that her parents saw education as an important part of her growing. They treated her no differently from the boys in terms of schooling and, because she was the number one child, they gave her special attention; that's quite uncommon for families at that time, because if you were a girl you were always second to the boys.

So she grew up with a strong sense of self and self belief.

They spoke Malayalam at home and she went to a Malayalam school. My grandparents always felt that to better her chances in life she would need to learn English and so they sent her to a bigger village with an English convent school.

She was staying at a relative's home and while she was there her hand was asked for in marriage.

She agreed to the marriage, and my grandfather insisted that she finish high school first, so she was 17 when she married – others around her were getting married at 14 and 15, so my mum was quite a mature woman, so to speak.

My dad was also from India but he came from a boarding school, so he was a very polished person who spoke good English. He was ten years older than my mother and had a good job in Malaysia.

They went back to Malaysia in 1948. They originally lived in Kuala Lumpur, but for my entire life we lived in the south, two hours north of Singapore.

My mum went on to have eight children, and I'm the youngest. Her first child was born in 1949.

My mum went on to have eight children, and I'm the youngest.

She was really the brains in our family, even though my dad was the one who had the higher level of education. She's just a savvy person. She managed the investments, she managed acquisitions of properties, she managed all the banking transactions: she ran the whole show.

She and my dad had a really good friendship; they could laugh a lot and there was a great sense of security and warmth in our home. It was very natural on a Sunday afternoon for all eight of us to pile on my parents' bed, lying across, legs and limbs, to just chat to our parents.

We didn't have a heck of a lot of money but we had more than enough – in fact our life was probably very privileged. We had drivers and a whole army of servants. But money was never the main focus.

My mother taught herself to sew – and to crochet and to embroider. She would look at all the beautiful clothes on sale in the fancy stores and buy the fabric in Singapore, come home and sew beautiful clothes for us.

It was really my mother who made us who we are. She would work out maths problems while my sisters were asleep, wake them up really early and teach them how to do it. And that would be with child on hip, over breakfast.

Because we grew up in Malaysia, we had lots of house help. The kids would go to school in the morning and, after siesta, she would sit down with them at a massive dining table and spend the whole afternoon going through each one's homework. She was very, very diligent about it.

Every morning, my mother would write a letter to at least one of her children

So she learned with her children. And she never stopped that process.

My oldest sister went to England to study nursing at St Albans. That was in the 1960s. Nine months later, my second sister went to Australia to be a nurse. For my parents, it was a very big deal to send their older daughters away from home like that with just a ticket.

My sisters one after the other started to get married and in 1976 the worst thing possible happened: my dad had a massive heart attack and died. It was crushing because he and mum were a formidable couple. They were very well known in the community. They were respected. And they were happy.

It was just before my twelfth birthday.

My mum always tells this story – when my brother was almost five, she was pregnant with me and was embarrassed because she already had teenage daughters, and my dad said, don't worry: this is the child that's going to look after you. And it couldn't have been more true. As it turns out, I was my mum's strongest ally for most of those early years. I became her reason for living.

It was a really tough time. My father was very well respected in his work. People from all over the world wrote letters to my mum. Months after his death, I used to loathe going to the door to get the mail because I knew there would be another crying session in the house. Every time she opened a card or a letter it was just awful.

It took a long time for her to turn things around. But she did it.

My eldest two sisters were nursing, the third was teaching at the local university, and my brother was doing his articles (for accountancy) in London. So the top four kids were okay. And then there were the other four kids. One of my sisters was studying dentistry. One brother was going to Australia and the other had won two scholarships to study at King's College in London. So there was huge change in our family.

By the time I was twelve there was no one at home: it was just me and my mum and whichever house help we had.

The teenage years were tough. I look back and I realise that I had to be the rock for my mum, and nobody actually looked after me and the grief that I was feeling as a result of my dad's death. I almost pretended it didn't happen. You know when you're a child, you don't want to be different? So I never wanted anybody to know, oh, my mum was really sad at home.

I went to university in England in 1984. In many ways I was desperate to leave home because I wanted to be free, and I wanted to go away from my mum because I just felt it was too close. She never held me back. I think I'd done my dues.

Every morning, my mother would sit at the writing table and write a letter – an aerogramme – to at least one of her children. When I went to London, my mum wrote me a letter virtually every week. Phone calls were few and far between. When I came back – after I'd qualified and become a barrister – she gave me this entire pile of letters that I'd written her. And I had a corresponding pile from her to me, for the four years.

She is an avid reader. To this day she knows more about world events than any one of her eight kids. She's very knowledgeable – puts us all to shame.

My mum has never worked, but she always seems to have money. I still give her money and so do my siblings. She's careful, but she'll be the one who buys the most beautiful set

I look back now and I think, I got there because my mother was not limited in her thinking.

of earrings for someone's birthday. Because she's so careful how she spends her money. She has always been like that.

One of her biggest challenges was when my sister decided to marry an Australian man. That was way back in 1971, and my mum was deeply troubled because of the slur it would have meant to the family and the name and all that stuff. But, because my parents embraced it and my father flew to Melbourne for the wedding, nobody in the community could say anything. My father was not going to let his daughter walk down that aisle without him.

And subsequent to that, my sister in England married an Englishman, and the list goes on. The barriers were broken down.

We played a lot of board games in our house. Our favourite was Scrabble. Frequently, when my dad came home for lunch, they'd have a quick game before he went off to the office. In more recent years, on a visit to me, she found the local place where the society women of Sydney go and play Scrabble, and they all looked at her with great disdain when she walked in (you know, she's just this little Indian woman, unassuming) but she was not to be beaten by them. She went in and very quickly the word got round: you've got to watch that one, she knows what she's doing.

Eight years ago, she decided she needed a computer. One of her grandchildren – Girish – organised one for her. And now she's our little laptop queen. She's connected with all her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren. She's on Facebook. She keeps in touch with everybody.

She lives with my sister in Malaysia. All the rest of us are overseas. I have a brother in Singapore, a sister in India, two in England and there are three of us in Australia. She has written a book about her life so that it's not lost for her great grandchildren, because they're in such far-flung parts of the world.

Mum decided not to send me to pre-school. She sent me to Chinese lessons instead. Later, she decided I had to learn piano. When I was 13, she sent me to sewing classes. She couldn't bear that I would sit at home and just whittle the holidays away. The next year, mum said, go and learn how to touch type. The year after, she sent me to learn bookkeeping.

I look back now and I think, I got there because my mother was not limited in her thinking.

My mum is regarded as the matriarch of the family. She is revered.

She's always believed that her children should be financially independent. She was determined that all her girls would be working mums; and we all are.

A lot of what I do, I feel my mum gives me the permission to do. Working: that's one thing. The other thing that my mother is a great advocate of is getting help. Because she had people at home to help her, she totally understands the importance of me having a housekeeper.

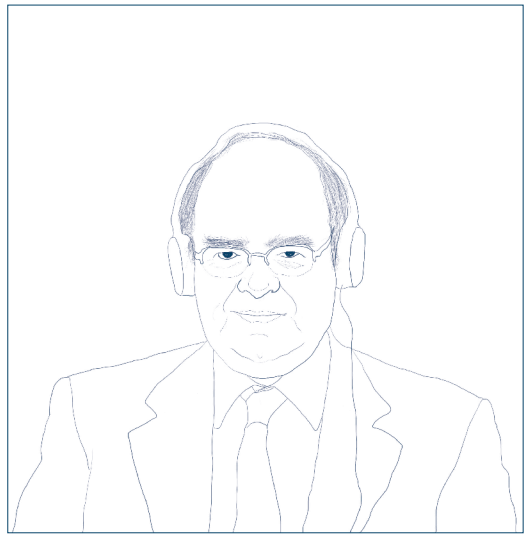
And she knows how to treat herself. She's a real woman in that way. She still gets great joy in dressing well and having a nice bag and all that stuff. I just love that about her.

Caroline Waldron is Norton Rose Fulbright's chief marketing officer in Australia. She lives in Sydney.

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

One fine day

A TOP FIVE SELECTION FROM
DAVID STANNARD – GET THE VINYL OUT



David Stannard's love of classical music was nurtured by his father (a schoolmaster) and grandfather (a clergyman). Born in 1956, David grew up in England and studied law at Southampton. He joined Norton Rose Botterell & Roche (as it then was) in 1979 and relocated to Hong Kong in 1983. He has been in Asia – in Hong Kong – ever since. A passion for classical music runs throughout the family. From his son's rendition of the Prelude from Bach's *Cello Suite No.1* to his daughter's performance of Handel's *Harp Concerto in B flat major*, special occasions are always lit up by music. David's office and home contain many thousands of recordings on CD, with more pouring in all the time.

1

CELLO SUITE NO. 1, PRELUDE

Bach

Bach was known for writing music ahead of his time through his experimentation with different techniques, and the cello suites are a perfect example of this. They were poorly received when first published in the early eighteenth century, at a time when Bach was Kapellmeister in Köthen, Germany. Two hundred years later, Catalan cellist Pablo Casals found them in a thrift shop in Barcelona and brought them to life.

It was not until he reached the age of 60 that Pablo Casals agreed to record the Bach cello suites. They are now a regular in the cello repertoire, but I have to say that, out of all the recordings, nothing beats his 1938 rendition for sheer emotion and intensity. The piece is also beautifully measured and, in a way, peaceful.

2

CHORAL FANTASIA

Beethoven

The *Fantasia in C major for piano, chorus and orchestra* is a fantastic amalgam of Beethoven's work and a precursor to his great *Ninth Symphony* and its 'Ode to Joy': one can only imagine the amazement at its first performance at a benefit concert in Vienna in 1808. It is a truly extraordinary 21 minutes.

It needs a first-tier piano soloist, vocal soloists, choir and orchestra – and because of this is rarely performed. Of the few performances available, I always revert to Daniel Barenboim and Otto Klemperer in 1967. This is traditional Beethoven with a heavy Germanic colour, and the music-making is superb. The veteran Klemperer and a young Barenboim balance each other to produce a scintillating performance. When you want inspiration as to what the human imagination can achieve, this is a good place to start.

'She pours into the aria a degree of venom that is unmatched by any other'

3

DER HÖLLE RACHE

Mozart

Everyone will have a favourite Mozart piece and that favourite may change from day to day and from mood to mood. I know that mine does. One that I frequently come back to is the Queen of the Night's aria 'Der Hölle Rache' from *Die Zauberflöte*.

The Magic Flute – Mozart's last opera and written only weeks before his death – is an extraordinary experience. Written in German in contrast to the norm of Italian and set in a fairy tale land, with a plot of fantasy and high drama, Mozart provides a virtuoso composition, coupled with humour and theatrical wizardry.

To me, the supreme moment is the terrifying aria of the Queen of the Night – *Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen*; and the supreme performance of the aria is that of Cristina Deutekom with Sir Georg Solti and the Vienna Philharmonic in 1969. One could fairly say that Cristina Deutekom came to own the role; to my mind, her performance has never been bettered. She pours into the aria a degree of venom that is unmatched by any other and performs vocal gymnastics that defy belief. This is one of the most challenging coloratura soprano arias in the repertoire.

And how do I decide that hers is the best? By putting my long-suffering wife though a sequential comparison of fifteen different performances on CD – such are the tribulations of marriage to a classical music nut.

4

AVE MARIA

Schubert

Schubert was a multi-faceted composer and is justly famous for his symphonies. However, for me, it is his Lieder that stand out.

After a really tough day, being able to stretch out on the sofa with the lights turned low and my Schubert Lieder playing, I can feel the stress and tension washing away from me. 'Ave Maria' is a wonderful piece of music and Barbara Bonney's 1994 rendition, accompanied by Geoffrey Parsons, does it perfect justice.

5

CELLO CONCERTO

Elgar

Elgar was writing at the end of the Great War and the intensity of his cello concerto, completed in 1919, reflects this. Like so many great pieces, its first performance was less than perfect. However, it has gone on to be recognized as one of the great concertos for the instrument.

There are many recorded performances of this work but I always go back to Jacqueline du Pré. She was a troubled and tragic character, to die eventually of multiple sclerosis, but in her prime she made music of a rare quality. In the 1965 recording that she made with the LSO, conducted by Sir John Barbirolli, the sonorous cello sound and orchestral matching provide a wonderful sense of drama and encouragement.

Illustration by **Ivan Maslarov**

The poem

On the Pulse of Morning

To find out more about Maya Angelou and her poem ‘On the Pulse of Morning’, go to the media and book pages of mayaangelou.com

On the poet

MAYA ANGELOU
1928–2014

Maya Angelou's reading of 'On the Pulse of Morning', the poem she penned for the inauguration ceremony of United States President Bill Clinton in 1993, resulted in a Grammy award for Best Spoken Word. Already a literary icon to many, the global exposure from the occasion also resulted in greater public awareness of Maya Angelou, her life and the significance of her poetry and writing.

Angelou was born Marguerite Johnson during the depression in 1928 in St Louis, Missouri in the United States. When Angelou was a child, a family friend used poetry and literature as therapy to coax Angelou from her five-year self-imposed silence following her brutal rape by her mother's boyfriend. Angelou named her attacker, then stopped speaking when the man was later found beaten to death. Her words, Angelou believed, caused his death.

Freed from her silence, Maya Angelou became one of the most renowned voices of her time. A true Renaissance woman, she was an author, poet, songwriter, playwright, professional dancer, stage and screen producer, director, actress, singer, university professor and civil rights activist. With more than 60 honorary doctorate degrees, Angelou is best known for her seven autobiographies, including *I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings*, a coming-of-age memoir and her poem, 'Still I Rise'. At a lecture in Houston in 2011, she felt familiar, like a longtime family friend. Her unique voice will be missed.

Alaina King Benford is a commercial litigator and partner in Houston. Her son Langston is named after the poet Langston Hughes.

On the poem

Dawn breaks only when we have passed through darkness. It is this journey toward light that Maya Angelou urges humanity to embrace in 'On the Pulse of Morning', read by the poet at the first inauguration of President Bill Clinton.

The rock cries out, inviting us to stand on its back and face the future. Only the bold are welcome; the rock offers no refuge to those who seek to hide in the 'bruising' darkness of its shadow 'face down in ignorance'. The river sings, lulling us to come in peace and 'study war no more'. The tree, the icon of genealogy, speaks to us all, telling us to root ourselves by its side. We, whose 'passages have been paid', are one, interconnected like the tree's branches.

Angelou's use of repetition and rhyme is powerful and unpredictable, rippling through the poem, like the river's waves. Through personification, Angelou brings to life images potent with simplicity – the rock, the river, and the tree. These messengers are not tethered to place or time, having witnessed the rise and fall of species, empires, and generations.

This is a public poem to be read aloud – a speech to be proclaimed. The rock, the river, and the tree remind us that 'History ... | cannot be unlived' and invite us to embrace our future, and say '– simply|Very simply | With hope | Good morning.'

Kimberly Hope Caine is a regulation and investigations lawyer with Norton Rose Fulbright in New York.

Go online to see Maya Angelou's reading. *c-span.org/video/?c4499362/maya-angelou-inaugural-poem*

Sbu Gule

The person

I belong to a tribe because I grew up as Zulu, but I do not fit neatly into any one tribal group because I am of mixed tribal origin – which is quite a good thing because I do not have tribal stereotypes. My family was originally from Swaziland, but this is now about six generations ago. We grew up as part of the Zulu clan, speaking Zulu. My mother is Xhosa. My surname isn't Zulu-sounding, so many people could not tell from my surname that I was Zulu speaking.

My father was a medical doctor and my mother a nurse. They started their careers in the East Coast city of Durban. The work commitments prevented them from spending enough time with the family. As a result my elder sister and I spent about six of our formative years with my grandmother in Pietermaritzburg, a city which is about a one-hour drive inland from Durban, until about 1967.

My grandmother was born in 1900. She was a teacher. She instilled some of the values that I subscribe to and live by to this day. Her values were based on religious and traditional African principles. And she was very hardworking.

My grandfather wasn't around most of the time. He was working about three hours away from Pietermaritzburg.

We lived in a house in a village. We had quite a big yard because my grandmother was a person who was very much tied to the land. She liked planting crops; some of it we'd take for our own consumption and some of it – the excess – we would sell.

There was no electricity at that time. We used lanterns or candles.

My parents' outlook on life was very modern. Even my grandmother was very modern for that time. It didn't matter what tribe you belonged to, what mattered was what you were capable of contributing as an individual. There was unfortunately this division among people previously about whether you're an 'enlightened and civilised person' or a 'non-civilised person'. My parents did not subscribe to this partisan politics. They treated everyone in the same way.

> One thing that I knew – because I knew the kind of work that my father did – I knew that I did not want to be a doctor.

There is nothing wrong with people being proud of their tradition and their culture. But if it is used to divide people, then I've got a serious problem with that. My view is that we tend to emphasise our differences rather than traits that we have in common, of which there are plenty.

At that time, most of the better education in South Africa was obtained in boarding schools established by missionaries or by one of the founder members of the ANC – in my case, John Langalibalele Dube. The school I attended was in a place called Inanda, outside Durban.

I was 13 going on 14 when I started at boarding school. I was relatively young – that was because I had started going to school when I was just five going on six.

This was the first time I came across people from all over the country, from really different belief systems and all sorts of things. That was quite an eye-opener.

Some people probably regarded me as not very sociable, even snooty, because I did not relate to that world, having come from a very protective environment at home – especially not to people I wasn't close to.

It was tough. One had to learn how to survive. There were about ten to a dormitory, in bunk

beds. We did our own washing and the food wasn't great. There was some bullying. I was lucky because there were some older guys who I was on good terms with.

Our school hours went from 8 o'clock until 1 o'clock and then there was lunch. After that we had a study period or extra-curricular activity. Then maybe a short afternoon study period. After that we had supper. Then after that an evening study period. Then we went to sleep. There were times when it could be quite boring.

There were some weekends when we had visiting schools, and sports competitions, so we had to travel to other schools. Those were very interesting times.

I had no doubt in my mind that I would go to university; that is what my parents expected of me.

One thing that I knew – because I knew the kind of work that my father did – I knew that I did not want to be a doctor.

At some stage, I was thinking about being a mechanical engineer although I did not fully understand what that entailed. Later, I was thinking it would be nice to be a pilot.

In my mind it wasn't really crystallised as to what is it I wanted to be, largely due to the lack of vocational guidance and information that black people had access to at the time. I did not have any overwhelming desire to go into any particular profession. All I knew was that I had to study. My parents expected that of me.

Schools were divided according to race. There were Indian schools; there were coloured schools; there were black African schools. The school I went to was made up entirely of black African students, as were all the other schools I saw. At that time it seemed to be the natural order of things.

While I was at school I realised that, to be in a position to get along with people, you need to be quite sociable. The social life at the high school I was in was quite vibrant, so by the time I went to university my social skills were well honed. I still have friendships dating back to that time.

When I first went to university – the University of Fort Hare in 1980 – I studied personnel management. But I didn't finish that year because I got into an altercation with someone who decided he was going to attack me at night. It was about something that I must have said which I did not even take note of. He attacked me in my room while I was asleep. My injuries were such that I couldn't finish the year. I suffered a fracture of the neck of the femur, a fracture of the wrist and lacerations around the mouth. They were quite extensive injuries, but not life-threatening.

I had to go back home so that I could get proper treatment because where we were, it wasn't really that sophisticated. That is what enabled me to go and study at the next place. I was able to say for the purpose of getting permission to study at a white university that I needed to be in a university close to where I could get medical treatment.

for me what is much more important, regardless of what religious denomination you belong to, is the spirit of charity

It was really simple and straightforward. My father spoke to the physician who was treating me and my physician then got the motivation to go and talk to a minister.

So I went to a white university in my hometown, Pietermaritzburg. All the students were white, except those who had got ministerial permission to study there. Very few black students had managed to get ministerial permission – I think that there were 20 out of thousands of students.

I studied psychology and politics. I wanted to understand how things worked, how the human mind works.

The two universities were quite different. It was my first time to be with other races on a daily basis. It was also the type of teaching where your analytical skills were important. You had to apply what you had learned in order to solve problems that were presented to you. In Fort Hare, the emphasis was more on cramming information and reproducing it when we came to exams.

It was quite a difficult time; one had to adapt to quite a number of new things.

I was 36 when I married. I met my wife through a common friend who introduced us to each other and we then met at a restaurant for the first time.

I was one of those people who are very free spirited, and the idea of settling down was not something that was paramount in my mind. I started going out with my wife seven years before we got married. It was a long courtship period.

My brother passed away in 1989. He was 20 going on 21 and he died in a car accident. It was indeed very sad.

I did my articles in Durban. The normal thing back then was to have a small practice or join a small firm where you'd do all types of law; that's what I envisaged. Had I been leading a more conventional life, I would have stayed in either Pietermaritzburg or Durban.

Probably I absorbed something from my parents, that you always have to strive to better what you are doing. My parents were just

those kind of people. My father was a medical doctor, but it wasn't a big thing to him and he was still trying to achieve more things in life.

We still have a very young democracy in South Africa. I think it's very early days for scepticism or despair to creep in. I'm very hopeful that we can make it.

My daughter is 20. There are certain things that frustrate her – things like corruption creeping in; being greedy; things like that. But I think she is quite hopeful. She is studying a BA and her major is psychology. One of the options that she has talked about is to do law. The jury's still out on that.

I would not have minded having more children but it did not happen. In Africa, there is a tendency among certain people to point fingers in particular at the woman if things are not happening. I did not want to go through all the stress and the pain whether for me or for my wife, so I said, 'You know what? If it's not happening, it's not happening, and I'm not bothered about that.'

If I were to reverse the clock, I'd do a lot of travelling, because I think that travelling does make you grow as a person. I have not explored the African continent enough. And I've not been to India, Russia or cities in South America.

Going to the gym does help me a lot with my stress. And just going out and socialising and shooting the breeze with my friends.

I like shopping for shoes. I like formal shoes. Formal business shoes.

I take a walk, to ease my mind, and if I come across something that I like and I've got the money, then I buy it. Most of the time what really appeals to me is good quality, whether it's shoes or a good suit.

My father had dementia which later turned out be Alzheimer's, but at the time we didn't know what it was. Having this very strong person who was both my father and a provider for the family suffering from an illness that at that time was not known was rather embarrassing, and at the same time scary, because one was concerned about livelihood going forward. It was quite a debilitating time. Also, one had not really spent that much time getting that close to my father, simply because I was at boarding school and then university; he was working most of the time. So there were just certain times when you thought, you wish this man could recover. You could get to know the individual much better.

When he was really down and out, there were few friends supporting us. It taught me that you've got to be self-sufficient, to have deep resolve within yourself as an individual to go on no matter what happens in your life.

I believe in some deep-rooted African values. Ubuntu is essentially all about our shared humanity.

The values that I have are the values I got from that very early age spent with my grandmother and my parents. Those values have lived with me for the rest of my life. I'm still a Christian, although there are times when I have questioned not Christianity but religion as such. Sometimes things are done by fundamentalists in the name of religion which are wrong. I think for me what is much more important, regardless of what religious denomination you belong to, is the spirit of charity.

Sibusiso Gule, Johannesburg
Career
Global chairman, Norton Rose Fulbright
Chairman of global supervisory board
Chairman, Norton Rose Fulbright South Africa (incorporated as Deneys Reitz Inc)
Chairman of the transformation consultative forum
Member of the candidate attorneys recruitment committee
Employment and labour lawyer
Joined Deneys Reitz [now Norton Rose Fulbright South Africa (incorporated as Deneys Reitz Inc)] 2000 (director 2001)
Joined Mathe and Zondo 1990 (partner 1995)
BA LLB, University of KwaZulu-Natal (formerly University of Natal) 1986
Born Durban, South Africa 1961

Interview by **Ingeborg Alexander**
Photograph by **Ivan Maslarov**

Perspectives

6,000 FEET OVER CENTRAL WEST NEW SOUTH WALES, SOUTH OF DUBBO, AUSTRALIA. MARCH 2014. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAMIEN BUTLER.

Back streets

PRIVATE VIEWINGS OF CITIES, AND STREETS, NEAR YOU.
DUBAI, 2014. PHOTOGRAPHS BY BERTIL LE DUC.

▲ The *abra*, from Dubai Creek. In the 1950s this was a fishing village. Now, the creek hosts ships of all sizes that bring goods to and from Dubai. The *abra* (small boat) ferries people across the creek. It costs 1 dirham (US$0.27) and can take up to twenty people. The crossing takes ten minutes.

▶ An early morning shot of the gold souk before it opens to sell gold and spices.

Bertil le Duc, is a regional IT manager with Norton Rose Fulbright, based in Dubai

Coda

A PHOTOGRAPH FOR 2014

Thinking about my father
Ivan Maslarov

Photographer Ivan Maslarov is *Re:*'s picture editor. His portrait of his grandmother in Bulgaria, entitled *Thinking About My Father*, was one of a small number selected from 4,193 submissions to the 2014 Taylor Wessing Photographic Portrait Prize competition. *Thinking about my father* will be on display at the National Portrait Gallery in London from November 13, 2014 to February 22, 2015 and then go on tour.

RE:
A MAGAZINE OPEN TO NEW PERSPECTIVES

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